

# Love in a Hurry

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## SYNOPSIS.

Hall Bonistelle, artist-photographer, prepares for the day's work in his studio. Flodie Fisher, his assistant, reminds him of a party he is to give in the studio that night. Mr. Doremus, attorney, calls and informs Hall that his Uncle John's will has left him \$4,000,000 on condition that he marry before his twenty-eighth birthday, which begins at midnight that night. Mrs. Rena Royallton calls at the studio. Hall asks her to marry him. She agrees to give him an answer at the party that night. Miss Carolyn Dailys calls. Hall proposes to her. She agrees to give him an answer at the party. Rosamund Gale, art model, calls. Hall tries to rush her into an immediate marriage. She, too, defers her answer until the evening. Flodie tries to show Hall a certain way out of the mixup, but he is obtuse. Jonas Hassingbury, heir to the millions in case Hall fails to marry on time, plots with Flodie to block Hall's marriage to any of the three women before midnight. Flodie arranges to have the three meet at the studio as if by chance. At that meeting much feminine fencing ensues, in which Flodie uses her own foil adroitly. Hall comes in. Alfred, the janitor, brings in a newspaper with the story of the queer legacy. The ladies' alliance to humiliate Hall dissolves and they retire to plan war for the \$4,000,000 prize. Successive telephone messages from the three ladies inform Hall that he is accepted by all three. Desperate, he asks Flodie to save him from the three-horned dilemma by marrying him.

## CHAPTER X—Continued.

He went up to her, but she darted away like a cat. "Oh, no! Mr. Bonistelle! Don't!" she protested.

He stopped in amazement. "Why not? What's the matter?"

"Oh, you've proposed to three women today!" she lamented pitifully. She sat down and looked at him with a haggard face.

"Well, what if I did? They didn't accept me, did they? Haven't I a right to ask somebody else, under the circumstances—with so much at stake? Why, they may all refuse me, even now; I'm not at all certain! I can't risk a fortune on their whims, blowing hot and blowing cold! D'you think I intend to stand for this 'I-will-and-I-won't' business? Not much! I'm glad they did put me off, now. It's the luckiest thing in the world! It gives me a good excuse to take you. Why, I was so rattled, Flodie, it never occurred to me I could marry you."

Flodie rose; her hazel eyes snapped. "Oh, didn't it? Well, then, Mr. Bonistelle, evidently there are several other things that didn't occur to you! Do you think you can treat me this way and expect me to stand for it?"

"What way? Lord, haven't I asked you to marry me, Flo?" He stared at her in surprise.

"No, you haven't asked me! No, you've insulted me! All you've done is to announce coolly that you have decided to marry me!" Flodie, aroused, fairly stormed now.

"Oh, pshaw—I thought you understood, Flo. Of course I'll ask you, if you want the conventional, orthodox proposal." He smiled patronizingly at her whim, as at a pouting child, then dropped gracefully upon one knee. "Will you marry me, Flodie?"

There was a new note in Flodie's voice. "No!" she cried harshly. "Get up, Mr. Bonistelle! I'm afraid you've made a mistake. You've forgotten who I am, haven't you? Why, I'm only the girl with the 'funny face'! I'm just a 'queer little tyke,' who 'is always happy!' Ha! Ha! Ha! Why don't you laugh? I thought I always made you smile? Just a 'jolly good pal'—that's all I am! Didn't you say so yourself?"

"But, Flodie!" Hall approached her placatingly, amazed at her outburst.

She pushed him away. "No, sir! Not much! I'm not so anxious to be a lady of leisure as all that, Mr. Bonistelle! What! Marry you, with all the love left out? No, sir! I should say not!"

"But, Flodie!" Hall could scarcely believe his ears. "Confound it, what's got into you? Why, hang it all, I had no idea you felt like that!" He stared at her.

She made a queer, whimsical face—at herself or Hall, who knows?—and went on:

"No, I'm only little Flodie, the Egg Boller! And you're so used to me, that when you do want to get married, you propose to one, two, three women before you give me a thought. I only come in as a last resort—Flodie, the Forlorn Hope! Mr. Bonistelle, do you think I'm the sort of girl to marry like that?"

Flodie, transformed by this long-pent-up rage, was a new and splendid creature; her eyes shot sparks, the color flamed upon her cheeks.

Hall, dumfounded, stared at her, speechless. If a baby had suddenly attacked him he could not have been more amazed. He didn't know her in this aspect; she took his breath away like a strong wind. His impulse was to defend himself, resist, but he was overcome by her emotion. He struck out any way—blindly, like a swimmer in rapids; he tried to placate her. "But, Flodie—dear! I know—but I want you!"

"Oh, yes, I know you want me—and why? So that you can win four millions of dollars. That's all you want. You'll have to get married, so you'd better take me! I make you laugh! Oh, it's as simple as daylight, is it? Well, I'm not so simple as I look. When I marry a man, Hall Bonistelle, it'll be because he loves me, remember that; and not just to help catch a fortune!"

Hall watched her, fascinated, as she strode up and down, her eyes flashing, her body lithe and eager, accentuating her anger with free, unconscious gestures. "By Jove!" he exclaimed, "I wouldn't know you! Why, I never saw you like this before! What's happened to you? I didn't know it was in you!"

She turned scornfully. "Oh, I've got a lot in me that you'll never know, Hall Bonistelle. I've got a little pride, for one thing."

He seized her hand; in spite of herself, she let it rest in his, while he asked, soothingly: "And haven't you a little love, too, Flodie?"

She snatched her hand away. "Love! What do you know about love!" she exclaimed scornfully, and walked away from him. "Why, your janitor knows more about real love than you do—a thousand times!"

Still he stood and looked at her as at a marvel. "Flodie Fisher," he declared, "you may believe it or not, but I am in love with you, I swear I am! Why, you're magnificent! By Jove, I never saw such spirit! Why in the world haven't you ever shown me what you were, before? I'd have proposed to you six months ago!"

"Well, you're too late, now!" She was trembling. Suddenly her strength left her. She burst into tears.

He went up to her appealingly. "See here, Flo, I do want you, don't you understand that, little girl? And I'm going to have you, too, no matter what happens! D—n that money, anyway! I wish it never had been left me! See here, Flo, let's begin all over again! come on out right now and marry me, will you—will you?"

"No!" she sobbed.

Now there are two "no's" a woman can say. One comes through clenched teeth; it has a rising inflection; the other is an out-and-out bark and has the downward fling. Few men know what different things they mean. Hall stood silent for a moment, watching her. Then his tone changed. "Well, I don't know that I blame you," he said finally. "I've been all kinds of a cad today, but I guess this is the limit. Of course I've been blind. You're right. I've been so close to you I haven't

really seen you. And now that I do, it's too late. Say, Flodie, did you mean that? Is it really too late? Won't you let me prove that I am in earnest, at last?"

"Oh, how can I believe you? You're not honest! You've been lying all day! You've lied to Mrs. Royallton, and you've lied to Miss Dailys and Rosamund. And now you're lying to me! No!" she said, "I'll never believe you." Then she dropped her head on her hands over the table. "Go away!" she sobbed.

Hall walked toward the door, wretched and ashamed.

"Isn't there any chance for me?" he pleaded. "Don't you love me enough to forgive me, dear? Don't say no—Flodie!"

She looked up with tears in her eyes. She had a strange, exalted look on her face as she spoke through clenched teeth. "Hall Bonistelle," she said, "I will not marry you! There!" She turned away.

Hall suddenly caught fire. He shook his fist at her. "Flodie Fisher, you shall marry me!" The door slammed.

As soon as he had gone, Flodie jumped up, and stood for a moment thinking. She glanced at the clock, scowled, then walked stealthily to the door and listened. Opening it, she looked out into the hall.

"Oh, Alfred!" she called, and then she waited.

In a moment the janitor appeared, pale and sad as a specter. "Yes, Miss Fisher?"

She regarded him eagerly. "Alfred," she said, "you said you'd do anything for me, didn't you?"

"Yes, Miss Fisher, that's what I did!"

"You will do anything, no matter what I ask?"

"Oh, yes, Miss Fisher! Indeed I will."

"Then go and get your hat and coat—hurry!"

"Yes, Miss Fisher."

He left hastily, and Flodie went to her closet and drew forth her own hat and coat and put them on, still absorbed in thought. She was drawing on her last glove when Alfred reappeared.

"What is it you want me to do, Miss Fisher?"

"Alfred," she replied, smiling elfishly on him, "I want you to go down to the city hall with me. We're going to get a marriage license!"

And before he could reply she had hurried with him out of the door.

## CHAPTER XI.

Flodie's mind, having been, in the afternoon, thus somewhat diverted from preparations for the party, the decorations of the studio had devolved on the untutored taste of Alfred Smallish. Poor Alfred! Flodie, arriving early, spent nearly an hour reconstructing his decorative scheme, patting and pulling it into something more careless, and more agreeable to her own sense of beauty.

For the occasion Mr. Smallish had also decorated himself. In his hired evening suit he looked, if possible, a bit more pathetic than usual.

Flodie had arrayed herself for the evening with simplicity and artful grace. She wore white mulle, which, happily escaping the schoolgirl touch, daintily showed her neck to admirable advantage. Flodie's hair disclosed, perhaps, more of her attentive care. She had caught that charm of careless luxuriance for which clever women strive. Hall Bonistelle's first glance told her that she had succeeded. She answered his exclamatory compliments with a shrug.

"You wait!" he announced, shaking his finger at her, "just as soon as I have it out with those three women I'm coming after you! Remember that! I've got to get rid of them some way, Lord knows how, but I'll do it! And then, Flodie Fisher, it'll be your turn! Mark my words! I intend to marry you up before midnight!"

"You won't!" she exclaimed and

slammed the door in his face. When she came out, a few minutes later, she found him in the studio, frowning.

"Confound it!" he said, "I'm all up a tree without my watch! I've got to keep track of the time tonight, though; it's important. I want to know how long I've got."

"There's the clock," said Flodie, "can't you look at that occasionally?" "I wonder how near right it is?" he asked. "It's been losing time lately, hasn't it?"

"Shall I ring up Central and ask?"

"Will you, please? Thanks!" Hall walked to the tall grandfather's clock in the corner and opened the door, while Flodie went into the office.

After a moment, she called out, "Ten twenty-two, Mr. Bonistelle!"

"Lord, it is awfully slow, isn't it! All right!" Hall put the minute hand



"No, You Haven't Asked Me!"

a half-hour ahead and shut the door. Then he went up to Flodie impulsively. "Flo, for God's sake, say yes. That will settle everything. Won't you, Flodie, dear?"

She answered with sarcasm. "Partner wanted for a well-established business. Must have four millions capital. Answer immediately. No, I won't! There!"

Hall, thus discomfited, tried a new line. "You haven't asked to see the ring yet!" he said, smiling.

"No, and I don't want to!" Flodie was cool, very.

He took a box from his pocket, opened the lid and set it down temptingly in front of her. Flodie could not resist one look at the ruby, then returned it to him without a word.

"See if it fits, Flo!" he said, coaxingly.

"I can't tell," she said; "Rosamund's hands are rather—well, they're not exactly small, are they?"

"You'll be wearing this ring before midnight, Miss Fisher!" He put it back into its case, adding, "I'm going to use an old ring of my mother's for the wedding. It'll come pretty soon after the other, though. It won't be a long engagement."

At the rattle of the elevator door in the hall outside Alfred Smallish sprang to the door of the office and opened it ceremoniously.

"Lord, there's the specter at the feast!" said Hall under his breath.

It was Jonas Hassingbury, dressed in a long black frock coat, not unlike an undertaker, with his black gloves and string tie. His long face kept up the illusion; it was dark and solemn, befitting a serious occasion. He bowed low to Flodie and held out a thin hand to his host.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Modern Methods in Philippines.

The practice of planting cowpeas on sugar lands between crops to increase the soil fertility is being successfully introduced in the Philippines.

## Not in Terms of Endearment.

"I have observed," philosophically said Professor Pate, "that most of us talk about our neighbors in much the same way that we do about the dandelion."—Kansas City Star.

## Art Versus Commerce.

Poet's Wife—Ah, Gerald, if the publishers would only pay you as well for your poems as the tobacco men do for your testimonials, we would be on Easy street!—Puck.

## Only Himself to Blame.

"I'm a self-made man, I want you to know." "Old chap, you should have holed for help."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

## How to Treat Croup Externally

Rub Vick's "Vap-O-Rub" Salve well over the throat and chest for a few minutes—then cover with a warm flannel cloth. Leave the soothing medicated vapors arising so that the choking phlegm and ease the difficult breathing. One application at bedtime insures against a night attack. 25c, 50c, or \$1.00. At druggists.

THE GENUINE HAS THIS TRADE MARK.

## "VAPORUB" VICK'S Croup and SALVE

## EVIDENTLY NOT AN ARTIST

Judging From Comment, Bilkins Had a Good Deal to Learn About Photography.

Young Bilkins is an enthusiastic devotee of amateur photography. He always insists upon "taking" his family and friends posed in more or less artistic attitudes.

Not long ago there was an exhibition of the work a local photographic club to which the young fellow belongs, and where were displayed the results of certain of his efforts to immortalize his family and friends. In one corner hung a group of figures twisted into the most extraordinary positions, the general effect being that of persons in various stages of paralysis.

"Who in the world are those queer-looking people?" asked someone.

"Oh, those are some of Bilkins' strained relations," said a bystander.

## Too Much for Them.

It was a minstrel performance, and in the intervals between the songs the usual jokes were being perpetrated.

"What am de difference between an old maid and a married woman?" asked Sambo.

"I done give it up," replied Bones. "Why," exclaimed Sambo, "de old maid am lookin' for a husband every day, an' de married woman am lookin' for 'im every night!"

There was a pause, and several elderly gentlemen got up and stole softly into the night.

## What He Used Them For.

Customer—I want another fire extinguisher. Used the last one all up last night.

Clerk—Glad to sell them to you, sir, but aren't you rather careless at your place. That is the third one I've sold you in a week.

Customer—Oh, I don't use them for fire. They are the greatest thing on earth for chasing out your daughter's late callers.—Judge.

## Acting in One Lesson.

"Do you think I could learn to be a moving-picture actor?"

"Sure you could. Just remember this one thing: A heaving chest denotes surprise, fear, hate or any other emotion."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## Sure Thing.

"Carrie is a long-headed girl."

"How so?"

"Instead of trusting to luck at the seaside she got engaged before coming down, and makes her fiancé come down to see her once a week."

## Assisting Ambition

Men of ambition—with the desire to forge ahead—need revitalizing food to help them to compel success.

## Grape-Nuts

is a success food. It is made from whole wheat and malted barley and, pound for pound, contains far more "go" and "get there" than ordinary foods.

It retains all the nutriment of the grains, including their natural mineral salts—Phosphate of Potash, etc., often lacking in ordinary food, but essential to thorough upbuilding of sinew, brain and nerves.

Grape-Nuts is partially pre-digested and agrees with all. It's the ideal vigor-food for child and adult.

## "There's a Reason"

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

## LOOK TO WORKERS' SAFETY

Elaborate Precautions Taken to Prevent Accidents in Plants Where Gunpowder is Made.

Workers in gunpowder plants, whenever a storm comes up, adjourn to the watchhouses surrounding the plant proper and enjoy themselves till the storm is over.

Lightning is not the only danger dreaded in gunpowder plants, however. Metal is dreaded—its hard surface may cause explosions—and hence on the workmen's clothes the buttons must all be of bone.

The workmen's clothes must be pocketless, so that they may not carry matches or knives, and a workman, no matter how dandified his tastes, must not wear turned-up trousers, since in turn-ups grit is harbored, and grit in a gunpowder mill is as dangerous almost as fire.

In all the buildings of these plants not a nailhead or any sort of iron material is exposed. The roofs, too, are made very slight, so that in the event of an explosion they will blow off eas-

ily. The doors all open outward to make escape easy, and the plant is usually surrounded with a stream of water, into which the hands are trained to dive at the first sign of danger.

## Education in Canada.

The Dominion of Canada, the provinces and municipalities make such liberal provision for general education that less than seven per cent of the population over five years of age are unable to read and write. The largest single item in the expenditures of Ontario, as well as of its capital city of Toronto is for education. The schoolhouse is recognized as an important factor in the successful colonization of New Ontario.

## Good in "Absent" Treatment.

There is nothing like a little "absent" treatment to cure a man of that tired feeling and make him see your charms in a new and glowing light.—H. Rowland.

Extensive gypsum deposits have been discovered in British Columbia.

## DRUGS HAVE AN ATTRACTION

Remarkable How Many People Will Take Almost Any Remedy That is Offered to Them.

A very interesting phase of human psychology in its relation to the taking of drugs is illustrated by a series of poisoning cases in the middle West. A number of persons received "free samples" of a remedy through the mails and quite a few of the recipients proceeded to take doses of it, some of them with fatal results.

There are a great many persons who will take any remedy that is offered or recommended to them. Free samples of drugs of which the recipients know next to nothing are swallowed in large quantities every day in this country. It seems impossible, but it is true.

When a colored maid of all work presents herself to a doctor with a large bottle of medicine to ask him whether he thinks there is anything the matter with her for which that medicine might be good it seems a joke. Such things have been known

to happen more than once, and there are a large number of persons supposed to be far above the colored maid in mentality, and still more in common sense who present the same attitude of mind toward free samples of medicine that may come into their hands. Could anything be more foolish?